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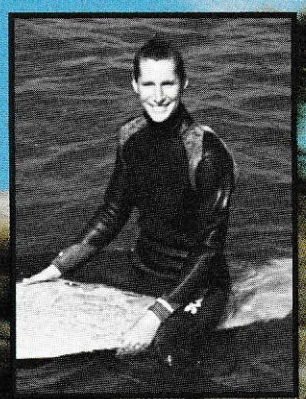

True Sapphic Daddy

Romance

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What Cyclists Fall For!

Previously Unpublished Secrets:
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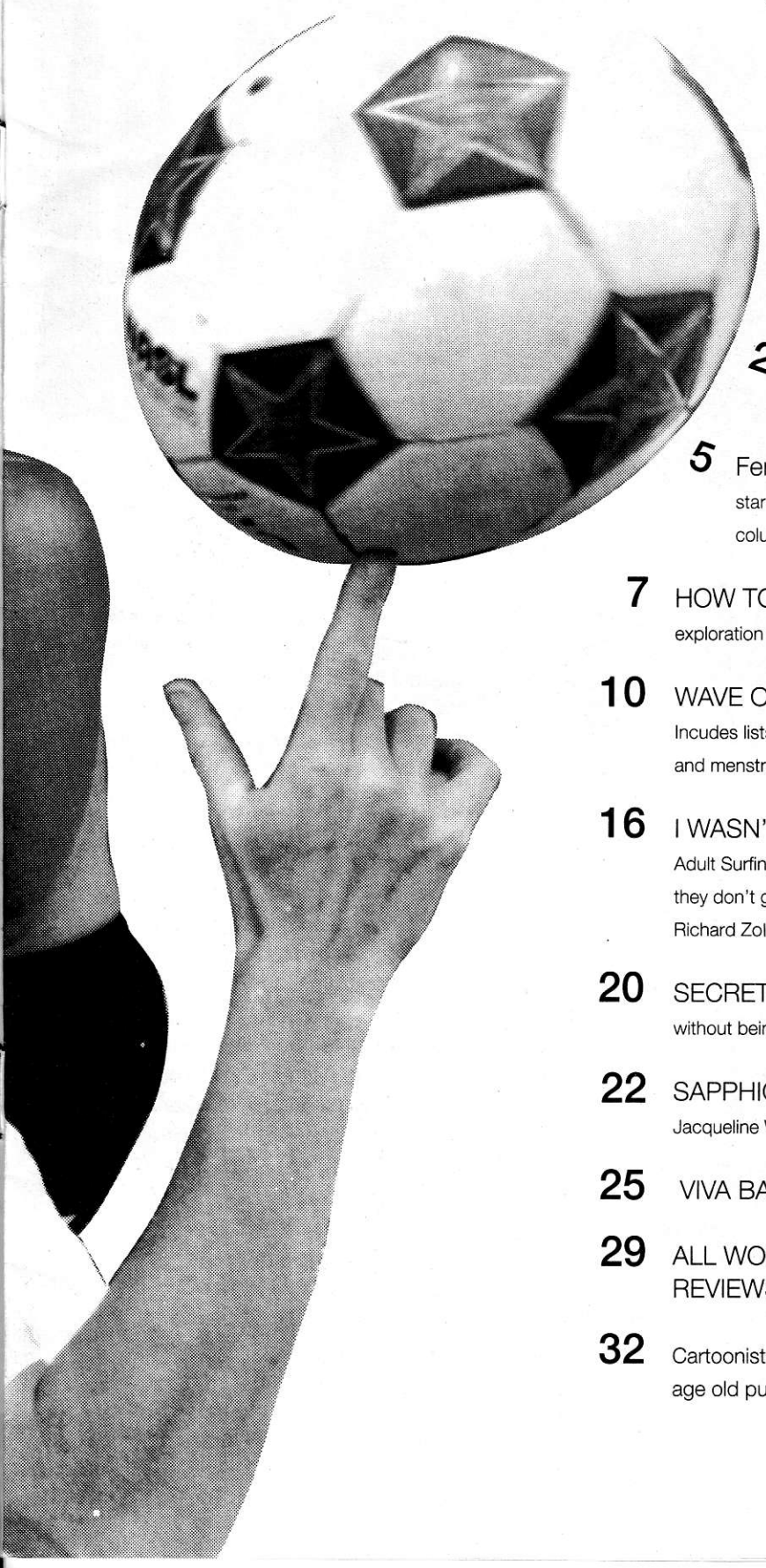
Girl-Jock Lineup



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True Life Experiences!

Times we later wished we said:

"Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?

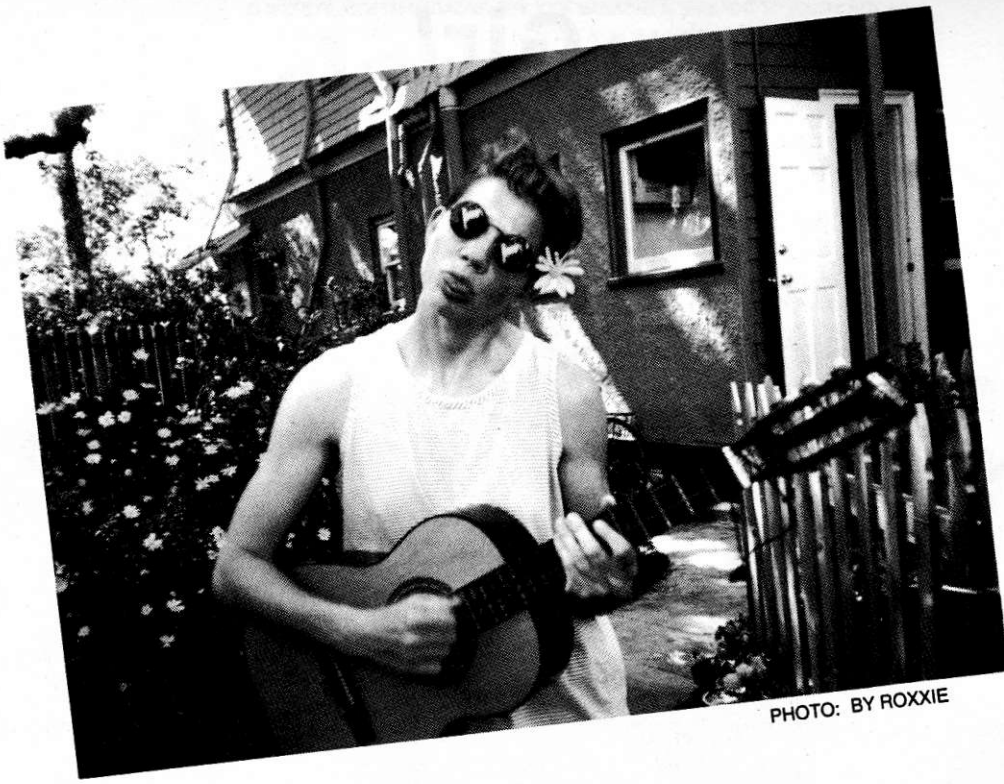

PHOTO: BY ROXXIE

Situation: Girljock correspondent was busy eating lunch with her boss in popular luncheon establishment, when approached by two women, who she knew from "around town."
Conflict: They approached her loudly crying out,. "Hey Honey! Why didn't you come to the women-only sex club last weekend. We missed you! Your best girlfriend was there having a good old time."
Suggested Response: "Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?"

Situation: Our least fashionable girljock correspondent (by her own admittance) was hanging out with some sporty babes when a more trendily dressed creature appeared, with her Nose-in-the-Air.
Conflict: Our fashionable Trendmonster looked directly at our least fashionable correspondent, and said, "Hey you, I just wanna know what-on-earth YOU could possibly ever wear to work at your job! Ha! Ha!"
Suggested Response: "Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?"

Situation: A friend of a girljock correspondent, playing in a local soccer tournament, and having a very nice time to boot, was approached by an acquaintance.
Conflict: The acquaintance eagerly said, "Hey! Honey! I heard your sister's team just won the National Championship! You know, you could have made that team! Why didn't you go play on your sister's team? That was really dumb of you!"
Suggested Response: "Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?"

Situation: Girljock correspondent was dancing in a local dance hall, well known for attracting the late-night crowd. Innocently she decided to try a new but momentarily empty section of the dance floor.
Conflict: As she danced away, a man walked up to her glaring. He said, "Excuse me, but this is my dance space right here. Will you please go over to the side."
Suggested Response: "Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?"

Situation: Our girljock correspondent played a very difficult soccer game against a very aggressive team, and played such tight babe-to-babe defense against the opposing player, she took away all of her scoring opportunities, and blocked all of her shots on the goal.
Conflict: After the game, the opposing aggressive player came up to our girljock correspondent to say, "You played pretty fuckin' tough, you ugly cunt," and she turned around and walked away.
Suggested Response: "Excuse me, but were you born in a BARN?"
Actual Response:
Our correspondent, rendered speechless momentarily, thought as hard as she possibly could. By the time the opposing player was 20 paces away, our correspondent turned and yelled at the top of her lungs, "How do you know what my cunt looks like?"

Letters to the editrix

GirlJocks-

On the cover of your Endless Summer 1992 issue, you have a photo of two girls. One girl standing behind the other. The girl in the back has boxing gloves on and has her arms between the front girls arms with boxing gloves covering the front girl's tits-can I say that.... Anyhow, front girl has a hat on backwards and hair hung over left eye.... It's the issue with story on Madonna and the movie *A League of Their Own*.... Anyhow- I would like to know, *please*, if I could get a signed photo of the girl with hat on backwards and hair over left eye on the cover please.... she's a hot looking lady and she drives me sooo wild.... Photo's inside magazine of her are hot too.... Please let me know if you can help or not please.... Your magazine is all time super best....

A Fan, Cathy Frady, Oakland, CA

Dear all GirlJocks,

I came across *GirlJock* at "our" favorite athletic and library facility located near SE corner of 23rd and Valencia (Good Vibrations).

Your magazine is full of joy, humor and great articles. A breath of fresh and sensual air!

Z Budapest , in *Grandmother Moon*, states, "Take a look at your life and highlight *joy*." This is what *Girl Jock* comes across doing....

Summer blessings from a liberated straight male who is in touch with his feminine feeling and actions....

Here's $12 for a subscription-joyfully.

Blessed Be, Laurence Brightwell, Campbell, CA

Roxx-

Thanks for starting the best all-dyke jock 'zine. You rock. I have issues one - three but need to subscribe now before a gaping hole appears in my 'zine collection. As Luke Sissy-Fag says, "*GirlJock* is totally cool."

Aleksandra, Seattle, WA

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Sister Katherine's **Vagina:** or How To Get A "C" In Catholic Girls' School English Composition Classes

by Elissa Perry

I knew I shouldn't have written that essay about Sister Katherine's vagina, but all women have them! I imagined doing my swimming laps behind her as she did the breaststroke. Her legs spreading and contracting in a rhythmic frog kick. She also had a very special relationship with her birkenstocks and her bicycle. But she said there should always be truth in journalism. She said all the other girls from my Catholic school had excellent composition skills, but mine were somehow lacking.

Manipulating Equipment For Dates

By Karin Aguilar-San Juan

Even when we're being serious about sports, we know it's really all about sex. So we're always thinking on two levels: butts and guts. Or dates and mates.

Being a soccer jock, I found, was a particularly good way to fall in love. I got many dates just by hanging around after games, tying and retying my cleats. Babes really like it when it looks like you know your equipment. Even the way you screw the top back onto your water bottle can communicate a lot about your dating prowess.

Trouble with **Slugs** and Other Slow Moving Objects? Excerpted from Reputable Reference Text:

Slugs do not confine their mischief solely to the garden outdoors; they also occasionally wreak havoc inside. Slugs look like snails without the shell. They are sticky, slimy, and totally gross. They chew sizable holes in juicy leaves and will attack a wide range of plants, including orchids.

Fortunately, slugs have a lethal vice – they are irresistibly drawn to beer. University tests have shown that Budweiser is a slug's favorite brand. But most brews are effective. Simply take your favorite beer, pour it into a shallow dish, and set it close to the base of your plants overnight. You will find several inebriated slugs floating in your trap the next morning. If you prefer something a little more conventional, you might try Snarol or Slugit.

Confessions

She's butch. (She, of course, believes she's androgynous, but I wouldn't be femme jock, would I, if I let that slide and not give my professional opinion). She bowls. She spends time in baseball batting cages and tennis courts. She's — let's face it, a triathlete. And, she smokes.

Now, dear readers, I know you've gotten used to my confessions and bodice-ripping-revelations, so I won't disappoint you: I used to light up my third Marlboro of the day right before my morning three to five mile run. Is there a connection? I don't do either (smoke or run) anymore. And further, while I would never ever in a million trillion and ten billion years ever go out with a smoker much less share joys, sorrows, toothbrushes or other such intimacies, I find myself fantasizing about fucking in the shower with this triathlete who smokes.

What's the connection? When I used to smoke, smoking went with and after certain things: coffee and sex, to name the top two. Could this have to do with bizarre advertising strategies? A profound genetic disposition towards drama and turmoil? Since I'm an enlightened spiritually evolved ascended Mistress Californian should I get my cute little ass to a 12-step meeting?

Dear readers, I know it's disconcerting to have your advice columnist raise such tumultuous questions, but don't worry, I have the answers as well. The questions are merely stimuli for you to write and do other things to me.

So the answer? You're holding your breath? Darlings, it's simple. Exhale.

FINE JOKE SECTION:

Did you hear about the new self-help group for people who can't stop talking?

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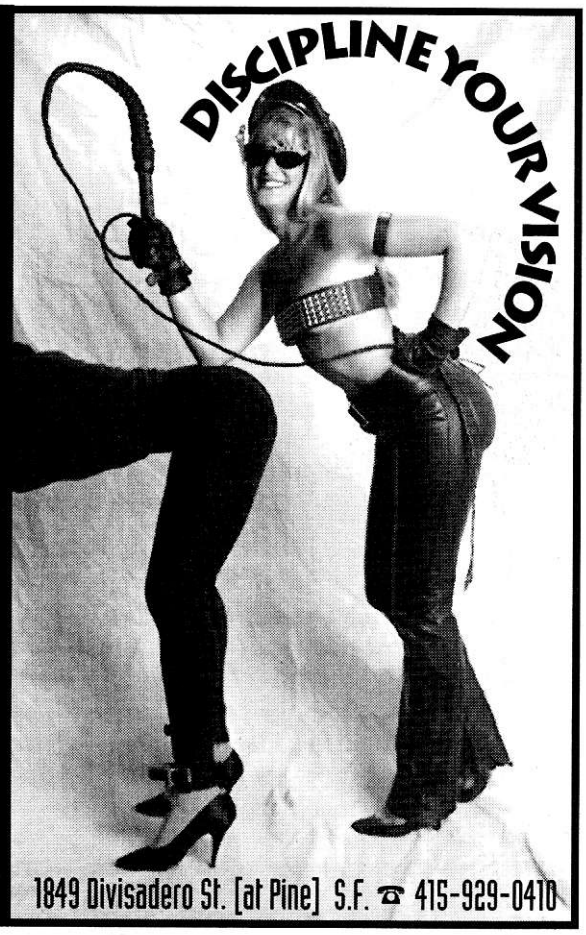

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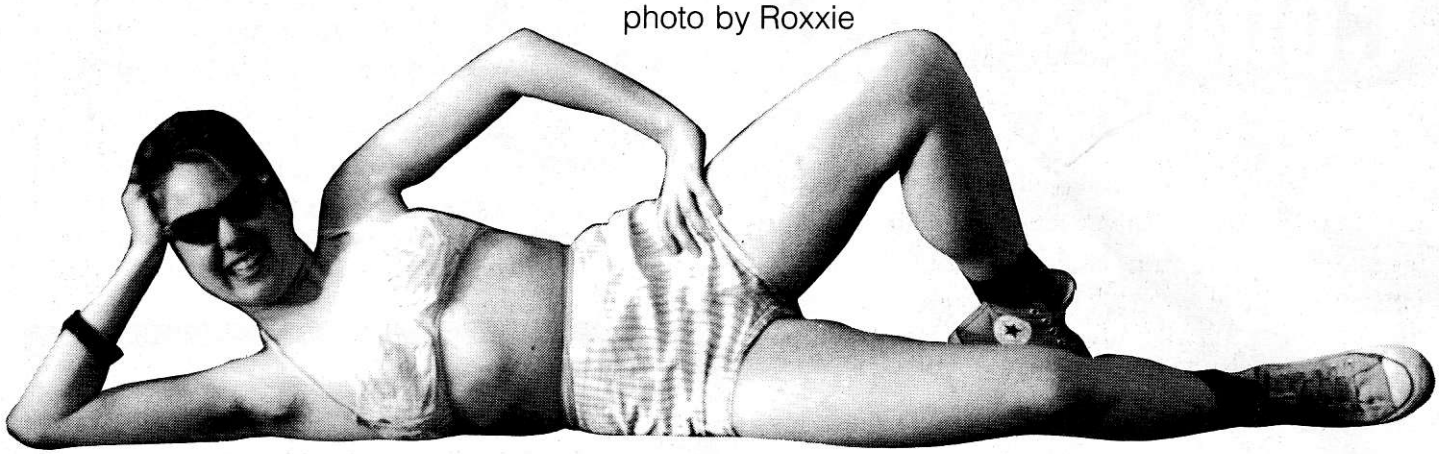
Dear Femme Jock

starring our very own answerwoman, Femme Jock.

photo by Roxxie



Dear Femme Jock,

I don't know what to do. There is a very cute woman who stays after basketball practice with me all the time and makes me practice drills with her. We both love the game. She checks out my dribbling, my faking, my moves. She gives me great advice on improving my game.

I know she really cares, but is it friendship? Infatuation? Sportsbonding? Should I offer her the key to my gym locker, or the key to my heart?

Yours,
Flattered by her One-On-One Coaching

Dear FOOOC,

I love the game too. And the pregame. The carbo-loading, the mounting, so to speak, tension and anticipation of release. You've come to the right place for advice. Baby Beef-cakes, you're doing the wrong kind of drills. Dribbling is fine on the court, but off, well—you've got to be more specific with your saliva. Yes, I'm talking about mingling yours with hers. It's time to quit faking and go for the hoop, so to speak.

Now, in Femme Jock's estimation, it's a tad premature to go trotting off to the hardware store for key-copying After all, what's in your gym locker? Sweaty underwear? jog bras? jock-straps? (Yes, I admit, I personally do find those appealing but frankly some femmes simply don't). Photos of hunky babes? Roses for her? If it's the latter, you might reconsider. And your heart? Well now, you just tuck those sweet keys in your pocket and make her dig for them a bit.

Dear Femme Jock,

There is a really nice looking woman on my team. Not that all women who are athletic aren't good looking simply because of femaleness & athleticism mixed together. Yet even watching this nice looking woman take off her sweatpants is a high. This woman is so attractive that the very sight of her attempting even the slightest jog to the playing field is intoxicating. When she smiles it makes me feel giddy. Then she stops and looks at me and asks, "Why are you smiling so much?"

Playing with her makes me feel so dizzy that I can't remember what is going on in the game, and then the other team takes advantage of my stupor. I've recently made more errors than ever before. The coach and all the other players are so mad at me I'm afraid I'll get kicked off the team. What should I do? Please help me.

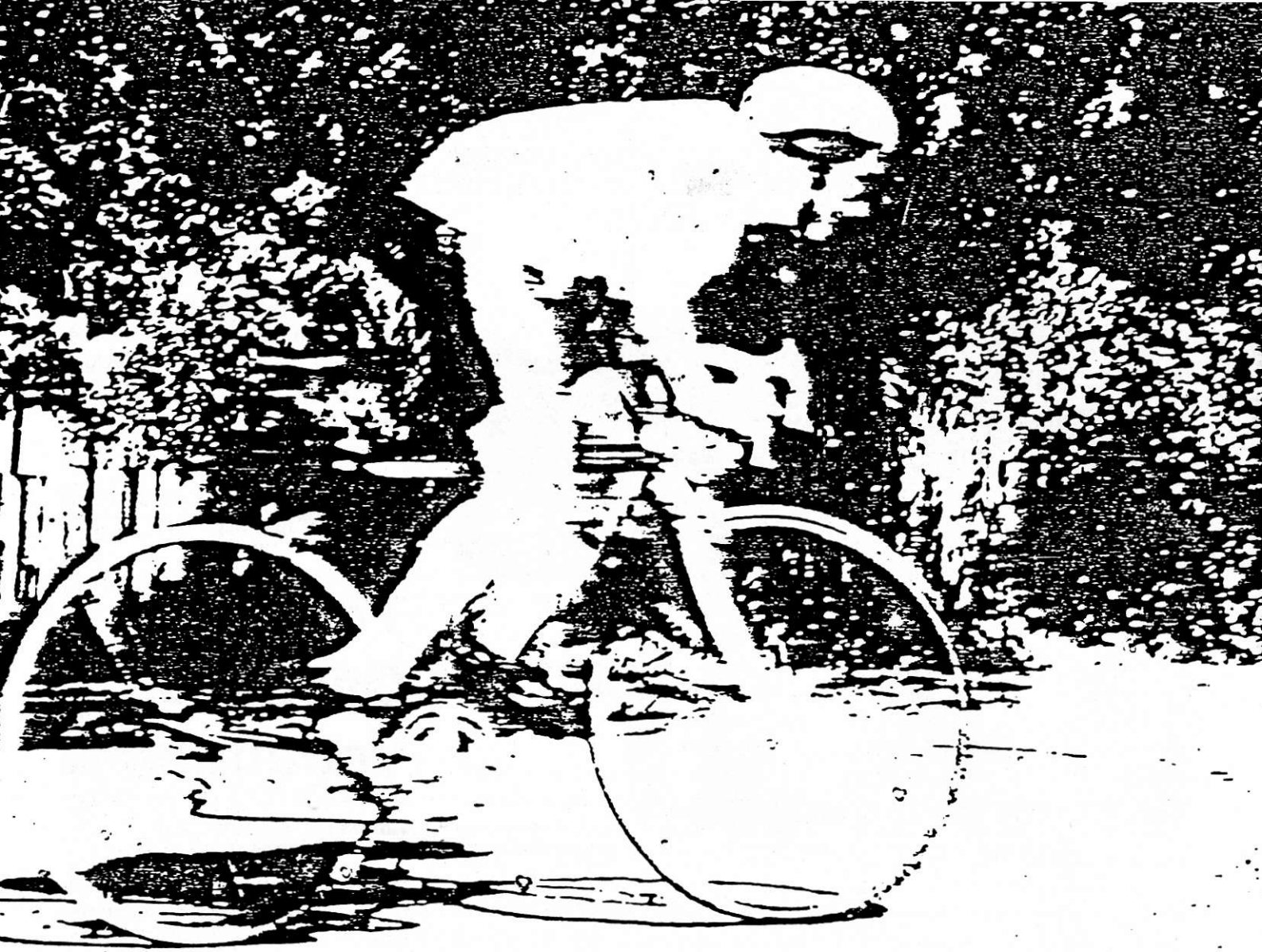
Yours,
Girljock with Unrequited Oblivious Adoration

Dear GJ with UOA,

For once, Femme Jock doesn't have much to say. Twinkle-toes, talk to her. Talk dirty to her. Have a good time. Bring your stupor into the bedroom and leave your quick wit and fast moves on the playing field. You'll be fine. You'll see.

Is there a problem looming larger than life on your horizon? Has your jock fashion sense gone "out of control," or do you worry too much? Do you understand "unrequited love" so well you don't ever misspell it?

You can write Femme Jock c/o GirlJock Magazine, P.O. Box 2533, Berkeley, CA 94702. She wants to address your lifestyle issues, and fashion dilemmas, and conditions. She likes pictures, too.



If You Like Lycra

by Lucy Jane Bledsoe

Okay, so like you see this woman strapped to a piece of machinery. She's panting and shiny with sweat. You enjoy the way she's hurdling herself and that machine across the hard, gray pavement. You really like the sensual pumping rhythm to her movement. No ungainly slapping sounds, or pounding, or splashing, just smooth, round pedal strokes.

Seconds later, though, she's a speck on the horizon. Then she's way gone. Out of sight.

If you had your own bike, you could mount it and pursue. But these cycling girls are wild, reckless, and fast. They're damn hard to snare. But don't despair. Here's a few tips on how to track down that dreamjock in lycra.

It's okay if you want to take up cycling, you know, to familiarize yourself with the sport. Cyclists tend to be very friendly, rather than snobby, towards newcomers. However, here are a few lines you should know not to cross.

Whatever you do, don't go to a club or out to breakfast

in your spandex biking shorts. To a cyclist, that's like wearing cleats in bed, or your best fuck-me-pumps to a basketball game.

(Ditto on those little round mirrors that people attach

to their biking helmets. A definite fashion travesty. Do not do it.)

And please don't wear five shades of day-glow, wrap-around shades, and designer biking socks, these are the sure signs of an amateur. I mean, some of those outfits cost as much as a good bike.

Get yourself some cleats, a couple of pairs of shorts, and maybe a tasteful jersey or two. T-shirts, though, are just fine. Avoid wearing product endorsements unless you are being paid to do so. And relax on the outrageous color schemes, girls.

There are some gray areas in biking coolness. Like stopping during your bike ride at a cafe to munch on a croissant and slurp down a coffee.

While eating a lot is definitely something cyclists brag about, there is a time and a place. Like, how hard and far can you ride with grease and acid sloshing around in your gut?

I say, finish your ride, go home, have a shower, pull on some comfortable jeans, then go out for your latte. I mean, those biking muscles will show very nicely through your jeans. And subtle is sexy. Especially to cool bikers who, for the most part, are not into superficial body display. As for what to do when you're actually out riding, just let the sweat and endorphins flow. Keep your eye out for other cyclists i.e. dyklists. Definitely do draft women you see and like on the road. Pull right on up on her back wheel — you don't have to say anything, just enjoy her thighs. Just be sure you take your turn pulling at the front, since that's where most of the work is done. Unless, of course, you're a total bottom. Finally, if you do snare that big-legged girl, beware. Bikers are often loners, insisting on their hours alone in the hills. Get used to it, or get another flame.

On the other hand, by the time you get your crush's attention, you may already have been seduced by your own bike, leaving her pining for your attention. Because once you allow yourself to glimpse the underbelly of cycling, that dark, shadowy, seductive force, there's no turning back. It feels so good.

Lucy Jane Bledsoe won a bronze medal in cycling in the 1990 Gay Games.

The Cyclist's Vocabulary:

Animal: A very tough biker.

Carbos: A long-standing point of contention among cyclists questions whether we ride to eat carbos or eat carbos to ride.

Drafting: A form of sex that involves riding a few inches behind the wheel of a cycling buddy, so close that her sweat flies off onto your skin and you feel her throbbing muscles like your own.

Mountain bikes: What road bikers disdain.

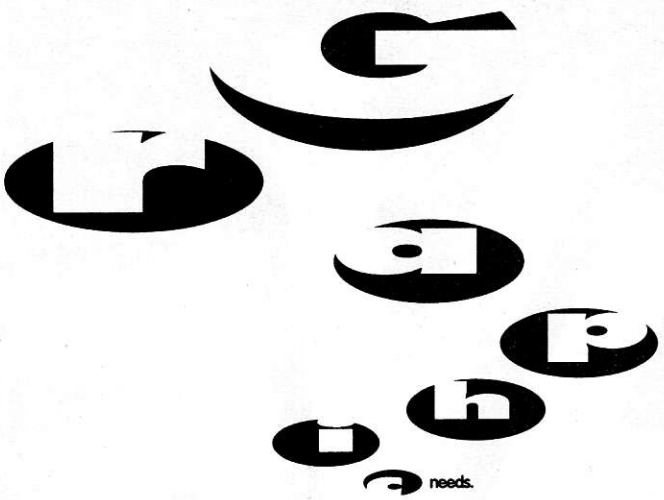
Road bikes: What mountain bikers disdain.

RPM: Stands for "really pretty macho" and is a unit that measures how tough a cyclist is.

Sweat: A cycling goddess.

Wheelsucking: Another word for drafting.

Meeting your



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It's Monday, 4:45 a.m., and I've been awake for some time, waiting for the alarm, calculating the quickest way to get my gear together and get out the door. Coffee? Forget it, my body is filled with adrenaline. I guiltily kiss my girlfriend good-bye and slip out the door. I've got a hot date.

At least I think I do. I have a strong feeling that with a minus tide at 3:30 a.m., a southwest swell has come in overnight. The west side of Santa Cruz is going to be kicking. I may be wrong, but what the heck, I can always go out to breakfast and get to work early.

It's dark and foggy, but as I round the cliff near Cowell's Beach, I can see white water. Yes, there are waves, and lots of them. I pull up to the cliff. The waves are breaking out by the point, they're three to five feet high, long and glassy. It looks like the best swell of the summer, and best of all, I see only one other surfer.

In minutes, I'm slipping into my other skin, transforming myself into something black, sleek and marine, and then slithering into the water. It's cold and still so dark that the two of us can barely see the waves coming until they're almost on us. For the next hour, we take long, luscious rides, dropping, turning, cutting back, squeezing every last drop of juice from each wave, and paddling back out for more. Too soon, it's ten to seven, time for me to go. I catch a wave and ride it to the stairway. Standing by my car, I get dressed for work, but this is really where I'll be all day.

My co-workers don't get it. "You got up at what time?" "You're crazy!"

But my surfing friends understand. Forsaking a warm morning in bed is really a small sacrifice. Surfing is a demanding sport, especially for women, who are still fighting for respect out in the waves. Everyone has to learn how to read waves and how to ride them, figure out what size and shape board is best and how to pay for it, fight the crowds and the elements and look like a fool on numerous occasions. But women also have to learn to deal with the attitude in the line-up and our own beliefs about ourselves. Why do we bother with it? Because catching a great

Velocity

wave can keep you pumped up for weeks and teach you a lot about life.

"I don't give up as easily," said J.J. Nevius, who has been surfing since she was 10 - 16 years ago. She is a shortboarder with a hot, aggressive style, "surfing has totally taught me that. I've been trashed so many times, I should have given up a long time ago...It helps me with my depression...it's a very spiritual kind of thing....I've learned how to conquer fear, to push myself."

"My ability to assert myself has completely changed," said Blu Forman, a carpenter and a longboarder who has been surfing regularly for seven years. "I hold my ground a whole lot better than I used to.... I'm not as compulsively nice."

Juanita Ortiz rides a mini-longboard and started surfing in 1983 because she was dating a surfer and knew that if she wanted to see him she'd have to get in the water. She got hooked and now makes a point of getting in the water every day, no matter what.

Besides surfing, Ortiz, who is a nurse practitioner at a clinic in Watsonville, belongs to an informal group of women who run three to four miles and swim a half-mile in the ocean 365 days a year, rain or shine. "We call ourselves the mermaids," she said.

"I really like the feel of the ocean. It's a good way of being one with the water, with the earth," Ortiz said. After a session in the water, she's calm, serene, confident and ready, for the rest of the day.

"I've learned a lot about balance and priorities," said longboarder Cynthia Landes, who's been surfing regularly for six months. "I know when enough's enough...It's taught me a lot about my limits...There's something very magical about surfing, even just the sound of the water hitting the fiberglass...No matter how shitty a day I've had, I have a completely different attitude when I get out."

Every surfing woman deals with "attitude" from guys.

When Nevius, who is now a student, first started surfing, in Southern California, she didn't have a problem.

"A lot of people thought I was a boy," she said, "I used to surf in trunks and no shirt."

Once she started growing breasts, things changed. "(Guys) started taking off on waves in front of me and stuff."

Over the years, she's tried different things, from ignoring the remarks, to verbal confrontation, to being as obnoxious as they are.

"If they start snaking me, I'll start snaking them right back," she said.

"I sit there and think, 'I'm an Amazon. The ocean is my higher power. I deserve every wave out here!"

"You get the really rude guys," said Ortiz. "They want you out of the water, because they think it's their wave. I've said to them, 'If you're so good, go find a bigger wave.' ...Well, they're shocked. They just get quiet and paddle away."

Forman has a variety of tricks, ranging from trying to befriend the dominating surfers to pushing guys and their boards off of waves when they drop in on her. The latter technique, which has a high shock value, since Forman is only about 5'2" and 110 pounds, usually works rather well.

It only backfired once, when a guy went off, called her a "big bulldagger" and threatened to drown her. ("He's got to weigh 100 pounds more than I do and he's got to be at least 10 inches taller," she said.) Forman talked to a friend who's a well-known surfer in Santa Cruz, the friend talked to the guy, and the guy has since apologized and befriended her. As for her sexual preference, "Now it's like he could care less about who I sleep with. "[Men] seem to think that that's the end-all of end-alls to call me that, but I just laugh. That's like going up to a piece of kelp and calling it a piece of kelp."

Dee Ann Cecil, who works as a fire fighter in North Santa Cruz County when she's not surfing, said she just can't deal with male attitude some times.

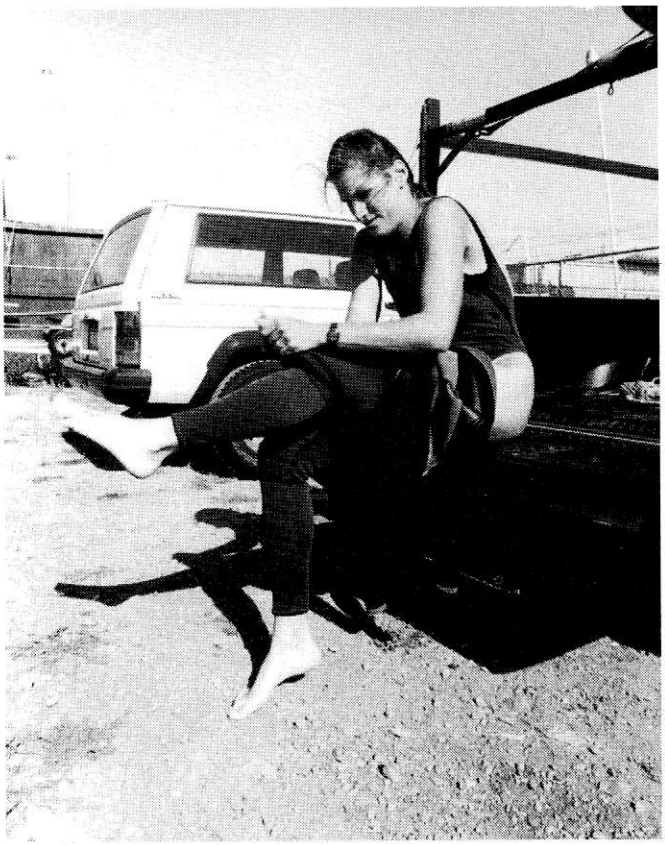
"It depends a lot on my mood," she said, "a lot of days I'll get out of the water and just do something else." But, she said, she knows every time she holds her ground, "I push it that much further for women who want to get out in the water."

Men aren't the only ***obstacles*** women encounter in surfing.

The sport relies heavily on upper body strength and many women find they aren't strong enough at first. Weight training helps, but just keeping at it builds up strength, and using a longer board can make a big difference. Not knowing about equipment, not having money and not getting proper instruction also keeps a lot of women out of the water or unnecessarily frustrated.

Landes, who works at a women's health clinic in Santa Cruz, had surfed a couple of times in her youth in Brazil and several years ago in Santa Cruz, was afraid to get back in the water again earlier this year because "I knew I'd be hooked, I knew I'd want my own equipment, I didn't have the money." But a friend gave her a board on long-term loan, and she picked up a used wetsuit for $50 at a local surf shop. Eventually she put together enough money for a nearly-new board of her own.

Forman barely caught any waves and never stood up for the first six



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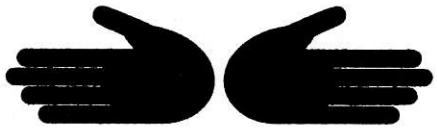

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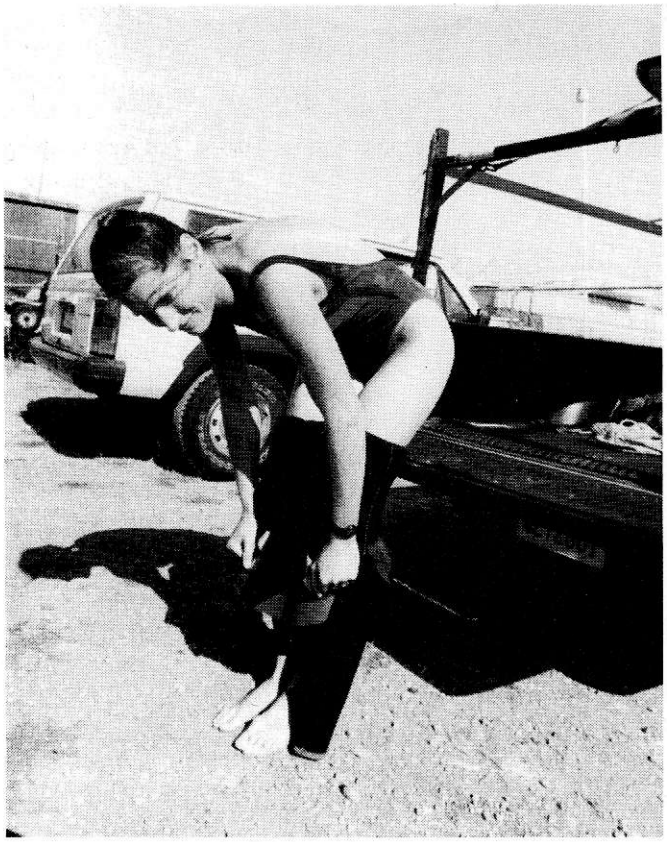

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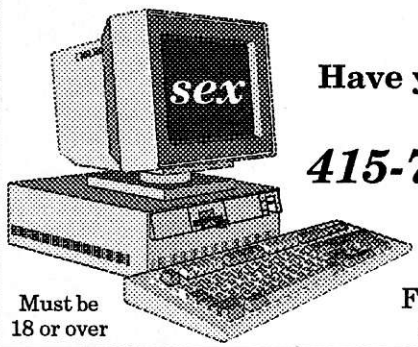

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months she surfed.

She started out with this "old, crappy piece of shit longboard" and kept trying to ride it until one day a fellow surfer took pity on her and let her borrow his board.

"I caught the next wave, stood up, turned and rode it to the beach," she said. Then she went out and bought a better board.

She recommends that beginners "find someone who knows how to do it, who's a nice person you can trust. Someone who can explain things, take you out and show you how to keep from hurting yourself and other surfers. Don't go out in big waves until you feel safe."

"One of my dreams has been to compete," said Nevius. She did compete once, and came in second, but hasn't tried again.

"I knew I was good enough, but I was intimidated because of my weight. I was just so intimidated by all the bikini girls," said Nevius, who is chunky, but most certainly not overweight.

All of the women interviewed love seeing other women out in the water and especially like to see young girls learning to surf. "That really makes me happy," said Ortiz.

"I check out all the women doing it," said Cecil, when asked if she has a mentor. "I'm totally impressed with every lady out there."

Favorite spots, etc.

***Dee Ann Cecil*:** The Path at Byron's Bay in Australia, between Sydney and Brisbane. **Shaper:** Johnny Rice, in Santa Cruz.

Cynthia Landes: Cowell's Beach. **Shop:** Heat Wave, Beach 'n Bikini, Freeline, in that order, all in Santa Cruz. **Dislikes:** Arrow Surf Shop.

J.J. Nevius: Everywhere in Mexico. **SC:** Steamer's, middle peak. **LA:** Zuma and Zeros, in Malibu area. Bad spots- Stockton (in S.C.), Topenga. Santa Cruz generally is better for women than Southern California. *"When I first came to Santa Cruz I had never seen so many women. In LA it was a special treat to see another woman in the water. In Santa Cruz you see one every day."*

Shop: Fluid Drive in LA.

Juanita Ortiz: **Hawaii:** she liked everywhere she went, and hit all the major places except The Pipeline *"I would never go to The Pipeline"* (It's a huge, barreling, left-breaking wave, only for experts). Ortiz liked Hawaii the best and said she got no shit there because people thought she was a native. "I look like I belong there." In Santa Cruz she likes Cowell's. Turtle Bay in Trinidad is also a favorite. **Shaper:** Jeffrey Scott. Thinks all the Santa Cruz shops are cool.

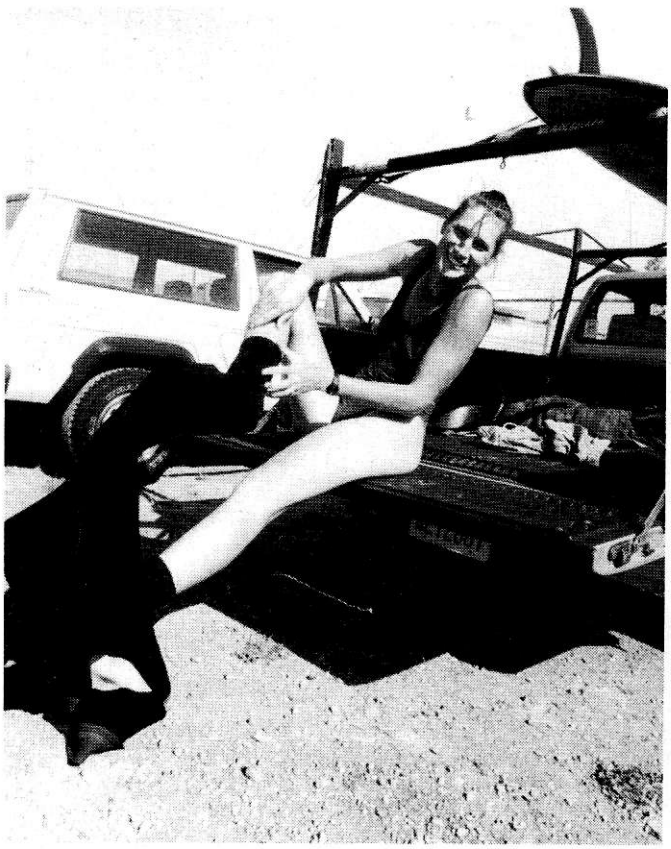
Blu Forman: **Favorite S.C. spot:** When it's breaking right, Indicators or inside at Steamer's Lane. **Southern California:** Haggerty's in Palos Verdes. **Mexico:** Santa Cruz in the state of Nayarit, Baja California, Grandfather's, in San Jose del Cabo. **Puerto Rico:** Tres Marias in Rincon. **Hawaii:** Hanalai Bay on Kauai. **Shaper:** Johnny Rice. **Shop:** Freeline, Heat Wave. PHOTO: J.J. NEVIUS

What do women think about surfing while menstruating?

All the women interviewed for this article, except Blu Forman, said they didn't have any problem with it. Forman said she stays out when she's bleeding heavily: "You might endanger yourself and other surfers in the lineup. Sharks can smell blood a mile away." ¶ Landes: "Maybe it's a myth... and I should know because I work in the health profession, I've heard that when you're in the water you stop bleeding." ¶ Nevius: "I don't bleed in cold water anyway." ¶ Cecil: "I don't worry about it, I just go in and surf." Sometimes she uses it to scare agressive men away. "I tell them, 'I'm bleeding like a stuck pig, I don't think you want to be so close to me in the line up.' More than once, they've started moving away."

She doesn't know if they are more worried about sharks or that she'll continue to talk, out loud, about female bodily functions.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD ZOLLER



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I wasn't a teenage surfer, but look at me now:

Adult Surfing Convert Leslie Lacko takes interviewer Roxxie to the beach, and they don't get eaten by sharks. Roxxie surfs backwards. Photography by Richard Zoller.

Leslie Lacko grew up in Orange County, Ca., an avowed punk rocker who hated surfers. Somewhere along the way there was a turning point, and, now she owns her own surfboard and goes on surfing vacations. Sports sleuth that I am, I headed out to the beach to investigate . Although I had never surfed before (I am also a bad skateboarder—I don't have the right rhythm — and a bikini-losing water-skier) Leslie proved very tolerant and helpful. The result of the adventure? The following story, and sand in my ears for a week.

WE STRAP ON THE SURFBOARDS

We meet at her Oakland, Ca. home. Leslie takes me to the back of the house where the surfboards are kept. She shows me her surfboard, the top side is covered with sticky goo.

"Sex wax," she says, pointing to the goo, and smiles. We carry the surfboards outside her house and strap them on top of her red and white 1969 Toyota Land Cruiser. The Land Cruiser's gearshift growls like a hungry animal. We head off in the Land Cruiser, destination: the beach of Leslie Lacko's choice. The following interview was taped on route.

Roxxie: Does anyone else in your family surf?

Leslie Lacko: I'm the only surfer in my family, but I never surfed when I was a teenager living in Orange County, Ca. because of the 'scene.' It's a not-friendly kind of surfing 'scene.'

R: What was the 'scene' like?

LL: Certain groups of kids from high school were the 'surf rats,' and they were terminally cool. It was a boy thing. I never knew a single girl who did it.

Besides, when I grew up, I was a punk rocker, and we hated the surfers.

R: Why was that?

LL: It was the thing to do, I guess. They were a different clique.

R: Where are the best places to surf in the Bay Area?

LL: Probably the best place to surf here is Steamer Lane in Santa Cruz.
It's a huge point break .
You don't surf there unless you're good.

R: What's a point break?

LL: Point Breaks are the best kinds of breaks! The waves come in and wrap around the points then line up nicely. You ride the waves in and then paddle out around the waves. Paddling out is really difficult. It is the hardest part.

R: Is paddling out the worst thing about surfing? Or is it what your sisters will think of you when they find out you've become a surfer now, or is it the cold water?

LL: Definitely, for me, **the worst thing about surfing is some of the guys that are out there**. It is intimidating to be the only woman out there with a bunch of guys. Especially when I first began. It's like going out to play pickup basketball with a bunch of guys — only as a beginner! I only started surfing about 5 years ago.

R: When you go surfing, do you forget about everything else?

LL: It's a focused sport, but not as focused as soccer, basketball, or a constant action sport. It's important to keep your eyes on the horizon and see what kind of waves are coming at you, be aware if a big set of waves is coming. If there's a big set out there, you have to paddle further out there, because it breaks further out there. You don't want waves breaking on you.

WHEN WAVES BREAK ON YOU

R: What happens when the waves break on you?

LL: (she laughs) You get washed ashore.

R: With your board?

LL: Yeah.

R: Do you ever get thrown off your board?

LL: All the time. That's why you wear a little leash to your board. Even though the old-time surfers didn't wear them, and might frown on them, it's better than having your board washed ashore every time.

R: Are there any, um, great white sharks at the place we are going to?

LL: No, it's fine. It's just a nice little cove.

R: Phew! (Big sigh.)

SHARK SAVVY

LL: But great whites are definitely a concern in this area, so I recently went to a shark behavior lecture. The biggest tip I found out was always surf with a partner.

R: But would you know if a shark was coming ?

LL: No, they rely on a surprise attack. They come up from the bottom and they chomp.

R: They just chomp?

LL: They go for the midsection. They try to avoid arms and legs. They probably think they're avoiding fins and claws.

R: Be fun to interview a shark .

LL: Be kinda neat. See what they think of humans. Maybe they aren't mistaking us for seals after all.

R: What else, besides sharks, is scary about the ocean?

LL: If you grow up around the ocean, it isn't scary, because you know about waves. You know that waves come in sets and have patterns to them. But if you don't grow up around the ocean it can be scary. For example, Patrick Swayze didn't actually surf in the movie *Point Break*. He couldn't 'get' surfing. The ocean scared him. Maybe it was too unpredictable, or overpowering.

R: (A moment of silence ensues: Uh-oh,

I think to myself. I didn't grow up around the ocean. I grew up around cornfields, and they had very obvious patterns. I wonder what I'm in for.) Oh.
LL: (almost reading Roxxie's mind) Have you bodysurfed or anything like that before?
R: No.
LL: Uh ... O.K. Well ... it takes some getting used to.

ARE YOU ANY GOOD, AND OTHER SURFING COMMENTS

R: What sorts of things do surfers say to each other when they are surfing?
LL: Surfing is pretty non-social sport, though. People don't talk to each other much. If men are going to give you a hard time about surfing, or being out at their local beaches, I've found out the men will NOT talk to you. Most of the comments I've heard that weren't flattering were from people trying to be nice, who stuck their feet in their mouth.

Usually people come up and say things like, 'How long have you been surfing?', or 'Are you any good?' I get asked if I am good a lot.
R: What do you say to them?
LL: I say, 'Yes!' But the truth is, I'm not that good, I haven't been doing it for that long.

Surfing around lots of men is different than working on construction jobs with them. The company I work for is really cool, the guys have adjusted to me, but when subcontractors come to work on our jobsites, the guys who don't want you there let you know it.
R: What do they do?
LL: They'll call you ...'Butch.' Which, to them, is supposed to be an insult.
Stuff like that.
R: Why do straight men think that's such a big insult? To many gay men, that's a compliment.
LL: I guess they think it means that you are a dyke, now why they think that's such a big insult, I don't know.

WE ARRIVE AT THE BEACH

LL: The first thing you do when you get to the beach is you get out and check out the waves. What you look for is the shape and the size — you want them to curl over, but not closing out. Closing out means the wave breaks all at once. When it peels, it breaks at one point and you can ride it as it breaks along the wave's length. This surf today is called 'mushy' surf. It doesn't have really great shape, the waves are rolling on in. Basically, you can apply any term to surfing you would apply to food.
R: Like 'over easy?'
LL: Like mushy, or crunchy, or .. 'over easy.' (She laughs!)
(We arrive at the beach — it's really crowded.)
R: This looks like fun.
LL: This is fun. Soccer is still the most fun, but this is a lot of fun.
(At this point we get out of the Land Cruiser and get ready to surf.)
My First Wet Suit Experience. Leslie has an extra wet suit for me, because Northern California coastal waters are so cold. It is easier to get into than panty hose, and much thicker.

"Getting out of it is more difficult," she tells me. The wet suit is dark colored and zips from shoulder to shoulder behind the neck. I slip into it, she zips it for me — I feel like a seal. I jump into the water which is not cold now. The only places that can get cold are my hands and feet, and they're numb after a minute.

Leslie shows me basic bodysurfing. She shows me how to "catch" a wave, and how to dive and swim beneath an oncoming wave's crest. The waves are stronger than I would have guessed. After I get used to the motions, we head back for our boards.

My board is light green, with lots of sex wax, and black detailing. It's such a nice board that a stranger came up and complimented it. It's a big longboard. I feel like a midget next to it. I try not to trip over my leash as I walk board-under arm to the water. We paddle out a little ways. She ducks the surfboard head under the oncoming wave-crest and paddles under and through each wave. I try it too and it works. It feels like I'm faking out a wave. I'm enjoying working my new "moves" on the ocean. It works for four waves in a row.

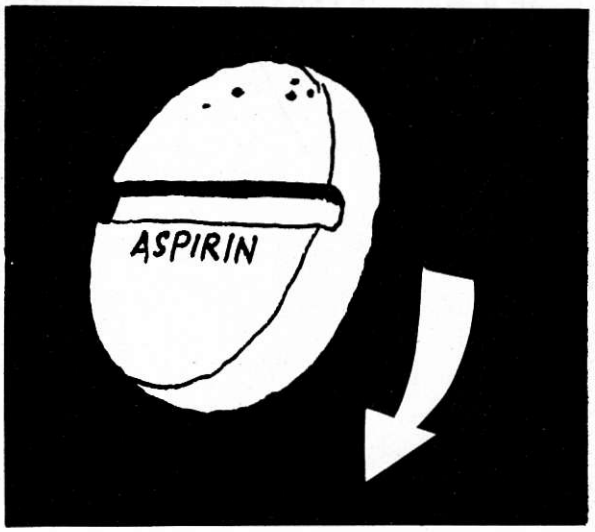
"Good," she yells at me, "You're getting it. Let's head out there."

She paddles out ahead of me. I scramble to catch up.

Suddenly a large wave grabs me before I can blink, or inhale. I'm traveling backwards quickly and feeling weightless. I realize that my friends weren't kidding when they said that the ocean plays with people. Salt spray covers my face and I suck foam. I hold my breath, some icky spray included. I'm still being dragged backward. The wave has me in it's grip. I try to turn myself around or get out of it, with no luck. The wave suddenly slams me on the beach-sand, and my board slaps into my knee. I'm no love-child-of-the-ocean, I quickly get out of the water in fear of the next wave. My arms are tired, I've got sand in my ears, salt water up my nose, and the ocean is big.

Leslie Lack List of Beaches

San Onofre — Orange Co, San Diego Border
Linda Mar— San Mateo
Pleasure Point — Santa Cruz
Bolinas — Marin
Sand Dollar — Big Sur
Four Mile — Santa Cruz
Palomarin — Marin
RCA —Marin
Montaro — San Mateo
Half Moon Bay — San Mateo



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Play Sports with Men Without Being One:

Secrets of Joining All Male Pickup Games

You get up to bat(softball), and the large male catcher makes derogatory comments about your femininity. "Hey batter, this one's a girl, she can't hit."

Obviously Mr. Catcher, like lots of men, doesn't understand that women can hit balls too. So what does the modern sportswoman do? Girljock Magazine's advice: Wait patiently for the right pitch and hit the living daylights out of it!

What could possibly be more fun? There are few greater lifetime pleasures than causing macho men to reconsider one's athletic prowess. So head for the nearest neighborhood all-male pickup game and have a great time! Regardless of your expertise in the sport, you can still get out there, play hard, and "Kick . . a little butt." Although they won't be expecting you, don't let male condescending attitudes interrupt your exercise program.

Here's some tips for joining into all male pickup games, furnished by Girljock Magazine's "Serious Girljock" consultant. Our consultant's background in sports is highly competitive; she still plays to win. Men, being faster and stronger than women, provide a greater challenge. Serious Girljock swears by it! She explains, "I've spent my whole life competing with the boys in sports, trying to be better than them whatever sport I played. I got much better from playing with the boys, and as a result, I'd frequently have the last laugh."

To join into the game: come fully dressed to play. Stand by the sidelines. Bounce a ball,dribble, juggle, or toss a ball around on the sidelines. Look studly. Flexing muscles is not a prerequisite, but look confident, even if you have to pretend. Most men will invite you into the game at this point. If they don't, ask the nearest player, "Which side needs a player?" or join in.

Play as aggressively as the men do, but beware of large unskilled males. If they fall on you, it may be painful. Try and stay on the other side of the field or court.

Grunt louder than they do. It'll get their attention. That way they'll notice that you are on the field. **Grunt as aggressively as they do**, and more often. **Be as verbal as possible with them**.

If men play you too roughly? Use some nasty moves. A few well placed body checks can cause men to have a moment of painful reconsideration. Your center of gravity is lower than theirs, therefore, your sense of balance is better. If all else fails, trip them.

Cultivate a dirty look. Practice it in the mirror. Use the look whenever needed. Remember a little guilt can goes a long way on the playing field.

Should you try and look mean? There are many different schools of thought on this matter. On one extreme, there is the "Downtown Look," popularized by Nancy Lieberman. The "Downtown Look" is characterized by a wild manner, a nasty squint of the eyes, and a "Don't mess with me, I'm too crazy" facial grimace. Nancy evolved this look as a teenager when she'd travel from NYC suburbs into Harlem looking for the most difficult basketball pickup games she could find. This look is easy to do! Knit your brow, squint, and pretend you just got out of the psycho ward.

The "West Coast Look" demonstrates the opposite approach. This type of gameface utilizes a smile and relaxed features. The theory behind this look evolved in the seventies, from the "I'm O.K., you're O.K." California feel-good "good vibrations" beach scene. Your relaxed friendliness inspires theirs. So don't worry, look happy.

It is advisable to be prepared with both types of game faces.

If one man is an awful sexist jerk, don't ever pass him the ball. If he plays on the other team, kick his butt when he's not looking. A good butt-kicking develops respect in many sportsmen.

If some guys want to play more than sports, and display a high level of attentiveness, use it to your advantage. They'll pass you the ball more! Remember to just say no after the game. Our Serious Girljock's advice on the subject: "No matter how much they flatter you, don't go out for drinks afterwards."

What about the shirts & skins question that has intimidated many women through the ages? Thanks to modern Jogbras, you always can have a non-naked option. You can get any possible shape, pattern, color, or texture, including flesh-colored jogbras(that will really confuse them!) If you don't like to dress this far down, try flesh colored T-shirts. If you can't find fleshy T-shirts, light and dark shirts will do.

If they make stupid comments about women on the playing field, or dumb blond jokes, come prepared with dumb man jokes. Remember this fab joke from Newsweek:

Why do men like dumb blond jokes so much? *They're the only jokes dumb enough for them to understand.*

Or this classic from the late seventies: What do you get when you cross a penis with a potato? *A dictator.*

Or dumb-man-ize other jokes: How do you tell when a dumb man's been using the wordproccessor? *There's whiteout on the screen.*

If you, like many other women of the baby boomer and post-boomer generation, were instructed in childhood to always let the boys win, no matter what game you're playing, don't let them win. The modern sportswoman's ethic is simple: when playing against men, go kick their butts. Surprise them. Our Serious Girljock consultant swears that aggressively playing sports with boys turns them into true believers later. She swears, "They may not remember your name, but they'll remember what burned them."

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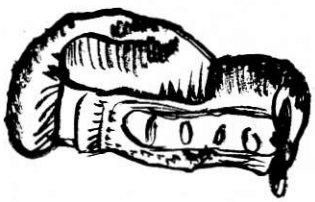
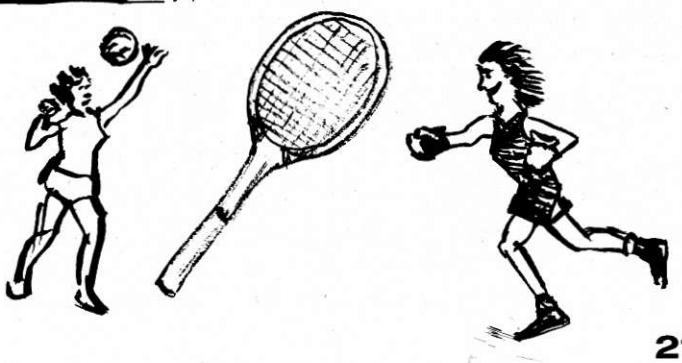




True Transgressive Romances

Confessions of a #18 DYKE DADDY

BY Jacqueline Weltman

This all started with Licorice, fickle little androgyne temptress. She had a figure, whoa - chestnuts. But like my grandpop always said, "*il giardino é morte, comungue devî mangiare*", which, loosely translated from the Italian, means "the garden is wilted - you still gotta' eat." Seems every babe in Oneonta State University was destroyed at the flush, taut beginning of her babeness. She'd arrive a young, raw but educated junior feminist with...*tendencies*, shall we say; a graceful application of eyeshadow on her lids, a slash of cinnamon pink lipstick on the near-virgin lips, ready for action. *Right?*

No. The Radical University Womyn's Clob (not club...clubs are for boys) would jump her heart the minute she hit campus. Smothered in a cult-style brainwash of tofu and Andrea Dworkin, our hapless, ripe little babe loses her juicy glow. She is bereft of hair, pumped with theory, and dressed in a T-shirt from the 1978 Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. With the nose of papa wolf, I sense potential. Then it is gone.

So it was with Licorice. She had potential in the firm little nipples department. I met her at the September potluck of Lavender Bowling Women. I wore my nattiest red and grey "Pin-Tigers" bowling shirt.

"I'm Poppy, but you can call me Pops," I shook her hand.

"I used to be Angela, but now I'm Licorice," she purred, her purple "Take Back the Night" T-shirt a little bit tighter than all the other girls'.

After several bowling dates, I figured she still liked me, so I asked her for a romantic walk in Moss Woods. I had the spot picked out and some stuff waiting for us there: blankets, latex, lingerie, beers, manacles, a blowtorch, cosmetics. I figured she'd like it. I mean - hey.

I spread out the blankets; we started making out hotly. I offered her a beer, but she said she didn't drink. Then, naturally, I wanted to know if she was going to be my little girl for the night.

"Your what?"

"My little girlie baby, my baby woman girlsky, my babesky adolescent womanchild ..."

She screwed up her nose for a minute, then tried to be tender with me. Tender, I like that.

"Poppy, I'm a womon - not a girl. I've spent years of my life...womyn spent years of their lives fighting for me to be a womon. I didn't know you were into SM. Poppy, I'm sorry - I think it's male behavior."

"Who's talking SM honey-pie? I just want to see you in this."

I flourished the peach-mauve teddy. She softened. It was my charm. We got the shirt off. Her nipples were peach-mauve. Zonga. Yow.

But for some reason the karma of that night was not grooving entirely with me. "How old are you tonight, sweetie? Old enough for makeup?" I was getting ready to pull out my dildo and rub it against her fluffy natural cunt.

"Excuse me?" She levels her eyes at me. They swerve intensively from side to side like a late-model Corvette in a GM performance test commercial.

"Are you fifteen, baby, sixteen? Old enough for working papers? Like, let's put some lipstick on." I pull out the cosmetics bag from under a pile of leaves. "You're a big girl now, right? Old enough to put on lipstick and leave it all over daddy's dick. . ."

"Daddy!?"

"Yeah, beautiful, what's the problem?"

"You never told me you were into being...*daddy*."

"You've been calling me Poppy all this time -"

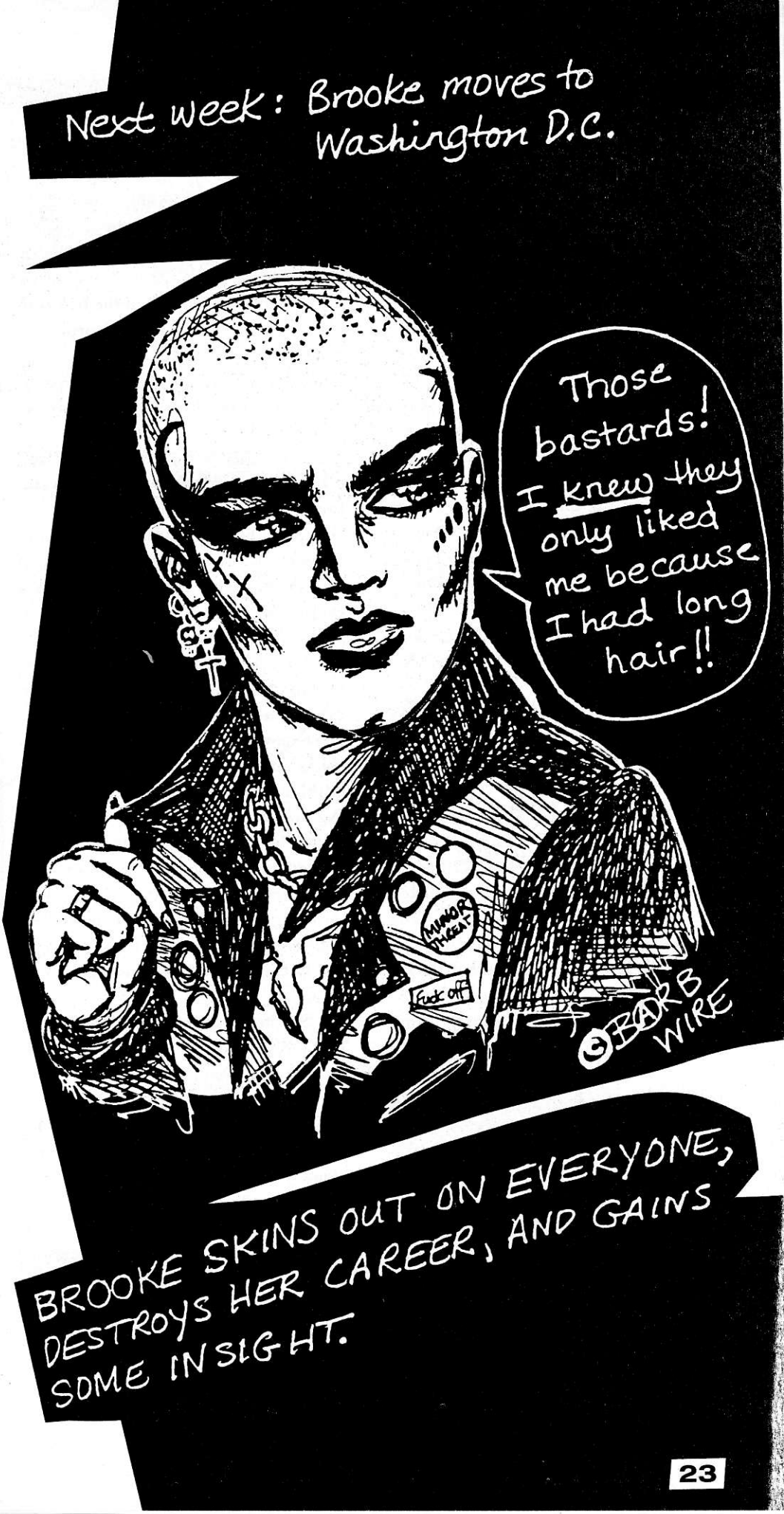
"I thought you meant the *flower* !" she groaned, and, as her jaw dropped, she ripped off the pretty teddy and backed away with her hastily gathered clothing like a breastplate in front of her. Then she ran, her pert nipples forever a memory.

I pulled out my blowtorch and lit up a pile of sticks. "Well, fuck it all!" I hollered, and it echoed off the roof of the Lavender Sisterhood Coffeehouse. I had another beer, lit up a cigar, and roasted the teddy.

The next day Zonker called me. Zonk is my buddy. She is, like, my spy. She lives here, of all places, because she's got a good job. She goes to all the lesbian events. Everybody respects her. She tells them she's being celibate right now - getting her head together. She lets me know all the dirt kicked up behind my back. She sympathizes with me.

Because Zonk is a guy. A Puerto Rican guy. She used to be Xavier. Then she started taking hormones, got electrolysis and changed it to something gender neutral.

"The Estrada St. Women's Potluck Brunch Committee is calling for a womyncott of you," she warned. "Poppy, your name is ash, junk. Don't try to get in anywhere on sliding scale in this


Next week: Brooke moves to Washington D.C.
Those bastards! I knew they only liked me because I had long hair!!
Fuck off
©BARB WIRE
BROOKE SKINS OUT ON EVERYONE, DESTROYS HER CAREER, AND GAINS SOME INSIGHT.

town anymore. No more concerts - you've been eighty-sixed from the Lavender Women's Potluck Brunch Supper Club. They've even alerted the ASPCA. Forget about adopting that cat."

"Isn't that a little extreme?"

"Well, the reasoning goes - like, you might try to do something to, or *with*, the cat."

I want some chick to wear makeup and suck my dildo and they think I want to fuck a cat.

"They want me out, I'm out. Basta. In fact, as we speak, I throw my favorite bowling shirts into my suitcase. Going Greyhound. You can have my Frank Sinatra records."

"Wow. Really?"

"And I'll throw in *Dean Martin Sings Live at Radio City* because I love ya', diamond butt."

Zonk was silent for a while. My heart ached. Then she spoke.

"Pops, I'm coming with you."

"You're full of it."

"No, really, I've been thinking about this for a while. I'm living a lie here. Is being the Chief Loan Officer of the Lavender Women's Incorporated Credit Union worth the *agony* of lying to everyone I know every day? Do you know the last time I saw another Puerto Rican dyke in this town? Eh? 1978! Not to mention another lesbian transsexual! I'm sick of it Popster." Her voice was rising, "And now all of this shit with you. *I* have a car and we'd get out of here a lot faster together."

Zonk wasn't kidding: she had a 1968 Olds with dark red body and cream-colored fins. Lines as smooth as a cheerleader's breasts.

After almost 400 miles and eight hours, heading down to I-80, we found ourselves in Meadville, Pa. We were ready to have some drinks and find a place to pass out. We cruised the strip. Quincy's Bohemian Lounge looked ripe. There was a curvaceous brunette thing in the corner booth. Looked about fifteen. Upon closer inspection, I noticed her psycho biker tattoos, knife holster, and her fringed black miniskirt. I do believe she'd made it out of drapes. I looked around. No biker dudes in sight. Zonga. Wah.

Zonk went belly up to the bar, and after I ordered my Ovaltine, I struck up a conversation with her about traveling, living life on the road, the wind-in-your-hair kind of freedom that could only be experienced by one on the wild highways of this wide America - and although I didn't have any hair; well, fuck it. The conversation progressed along the "hair" line until we got to the How thick? Had she had them long? Did she have, like, any exciting physical reaction when she imagined shaving them off? She was digging it, and my hand was finding its way up her pubescent thigh when, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed large shapes...they were...sweatshirts - two large sweatshirts - menacingly approaching Zonk at the bar. I squinted closely at them. Big yellow letters: "Theta...Beta...Xi." Shit. Sherri's (her name was Sherri) delicate blond thigh hairs were stirring under my fingers...and Zonk was throwing terrified, alarmed looks at me. I excused myself.

"Ah-hah, here's another one, Brian."

Sloshed frat vermin. What would Frank Sinatra do?

"Dykes, man. Get the hell out of here."

"I'm not feelin' real good right now," I replied. "Could you leave us alone?"

"I'm sooo sorry." said Brian, the taller one, pugnaciously stepping closer. "C'mon Hal." His hair was buzzed unevenly in a pathetic attempt to be hip.

"Not now, fellas."

"That's right - I'm a fella, dyke. My dick's bigger than yours...and it squirts!"*

"Not now, man. Daddy has her period."

They cracked up.

You know what I hate the most? I hate it when people don't take me seriously.

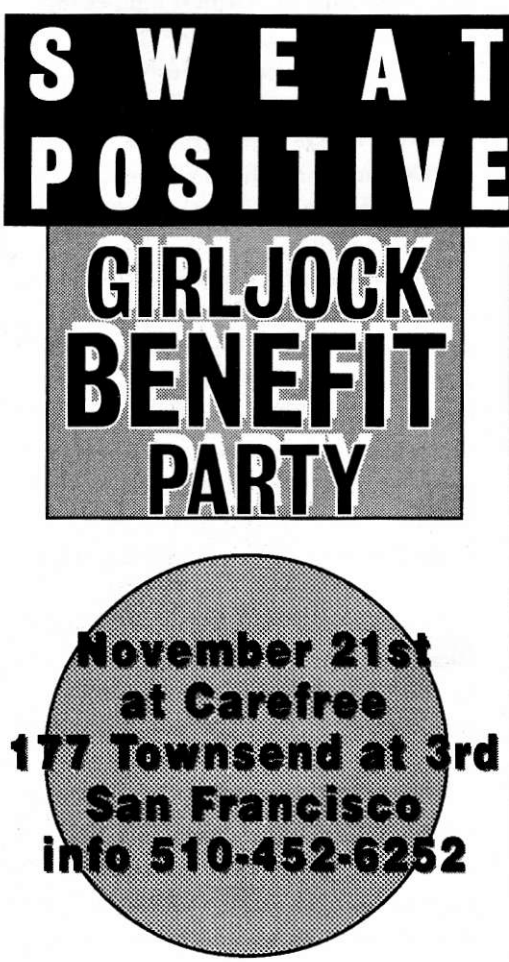
"I SAID Daddy has her PERiod." GodDAMNit. Pow! Thunk. "Don't fuck with Daddy...when we have our PERiod." Pow! Thunk.

Chaos. Four of us were tumbling all over the floor our mouths full of sawdust. The bartender gingerly dialed the phone. Suddenly, a shrill "Fuck OFF SLIME pit!" It was Sherri - black pump in one hand, hunting knife in the other. *Baby.*

The frat slime actually shrank back. "Goddamn cunts," spluffed a black and blue Hal from a corner.

"Hal - you have a cute little butt there," I offered. Ha.

* Author's Note: Somebody actually once said this to me!



VIVA BARCELONA

OR, GIRL JOCK GOES VOLLEYBALL GROUPIE

Joan Hilty
©1992

BEN N' JERRY'S CHUNKY MONKEY
DIET CHERRY COKE
KEMNER DRILLS IT!
WOTTA DIG!
GAME POINT!
BACK AT YA!
I BECAME A TOTAL SPIKE-HEAD. THEIR GAMES DIDN'T AIR UNTIL MIDNIGHT, BUT I STAYED UP NIGHTLY, BRAVING SLEEP LOSS, OLYMPIC ADS AND THE HORRID LATE-NIGHT ANCHORS.

I SAY 'ANCHORS', NOT 'ANNOUNCERS', CAUSE THE **ANNOUNCERS** WERE GREAT... TWO EX-OLYMPIANS WHO LOOKED LIKE BLOWDRIED GEEKS BUT TURNED OUT **WONDERFUL**. LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING.

THEY SAY BATTLE DOESN'T HIT WELL ENOUGH BUT SHE HOLDS TH' NCAA ALL-TIME RECORD FOR KILLS-THAT'S OK IN MY BOOK!

WEISHOFF TO SERVE! WHAT A TEAM THAT WAS IN '84 - SILVER MEDAL - WEISHOFF, RITA CROCKETT, ROSE MAJORS, SUE WOODRUFF...

REELING OFF FROM MEMORY

THEY KNEW WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS. THEY WERE FAST, RAPTUROUS, NOT A HINT OF SEXISM, CONDESCENSION, JINGOISM. THEY JUST LOVED THE GAME.

WHAM!

SEE YA! BEST RALLY OF THE OLYMPICS AND TEEE SANDERS NOT EVEN **BREATHING HARD!!**

AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE TEAM.

THEY HAD SPEED, POWER, LIGHTNING REFLEXES, COMIC-BOOK VERTICAL LEAPS, SPIKES THAT BOOMED THROUGHOUT THE PALAU ST. JORDI AS THEY HAMMERED THEM DOWN.

LORI ENDICOTT. CAREN KEMNER, THE WORLD'S TOP PLAYER. THE UNSTOPPABLE ODEN SISTERS. LIANE SATO. RUTH LAWANSON, THE HEPTATHLETE. PAULA WEISHOFF, 1984 MEDALIST.

KEMNER 7

I FELL IN LOVE WITH ALL OF THEM.

THE ESTROGEN RUSH GOT TO ME AND I BEGAN TO FANTASIZE THAT KEMNER AND ENDICOTT WERE LOVERS.

MY GAYDAR WAS GOING OFF: *BIZARRE, BUT NOT UNLIKELY.*

RANGY, HOT-TEMPERED BUTCH GODDESS

LITTLE, FEMME, FAST & TOUGH

I'D REWIND AND REPLAY THEIR EVERY INTERACTION. I WANTED TO BE RIGHT.

RIPLEY, IT IS **PATHETIC** THAT I AM EVEN **DOING** THIS. IF THERE WERE MORE OPENLY, PROUDLY **GAY ATHLETES** WE WOULDN'T BE LOOKING SO **DESPERATELY** FOR THE TEENY WEENIEST SIGNS OF SAPPHISM YAK YAKYAK

CLIK WHIRR CLIK WHIRR

YEAH, YEAH. SAVE IT FOR YOUR NEXT COMIC.

HOW APPROPRIATE THAT THEY SCORED THE WINNING POINT TO CLINCH A HISTORIC UPSET: KEMNER'S PASS TO ENDICOTT, WHO SET IT BACK TO HER FOR A KILLER SPIKE— THE FIRST U.S. WIN OVER THE UNIFIED TEAM, **EVER!**

CHRIS, THIS COULD BE IT!!

BURKINA 11

POW!

SATO 14

IT IS!!!

YES!!

BERSERK

GOD! IT'S 2 A.M.!!

BUT THAT WASN'T **ALL** I WATCHED THAT WEEK! I WATCHED SWIMMING, DIVING, ROWING, BASKETBALL, TRACK, FIELD, GYMNASTICS!

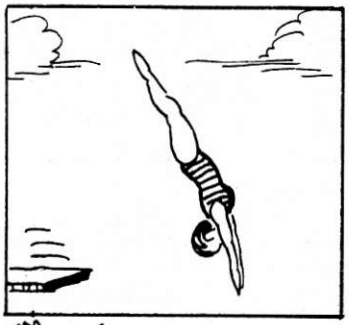
MORE TO COME

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT WAS SO WEIRD ABOUT THAT?

ALL THE PLAYERS WERE **WOMEN** - AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE OLYMPICS A **RADICAL EVENT.** TWICE A DECADE, THE SCREEN SUDDENLY **FILLS** WITH SUPREME FEMALE ATHLETES - OF EVERY NATIONALITY, RACE, AGE AND BODY TYPE IMAGINABLE - CONFIDENT AND POWERFUL, AN **ARMY** OF ROLE MODELS FOR GIRLS AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

STEREOTYPES BLUR:
FEMMES ARE FEROCIOUS.

BUTCHES ARE BALLETIC.



THE OLYMPICS EXPOSE ONE OF SOCIETY'S BEST-KEPT SECRETS:

WOMEN'S SPORTS AS A REGULAR OCCURRENCE COULD BE REVOLUTIONARY.

MY DREAM TEAM LOST THEIR GOLD MEDAL SHOT IN A TOUGH FIGHT WITH CUBA. IT TOOK ALL FIVE GAMES TO DECIDE THE MATCH.

MIREYA LUIS - TOOK 3 MONTHS OFF FROM THE CUBAN NATIONAL TEAM TO GIVE BIRTH & WAS DOING 200 SITUPS ONE WEEK AFTER DELIVERY

BUT THEY WHIPPED BRAZIL FOR A BRONZE MEDAL THE NEXT DAY.

IN 1988 THEY'D FINISHED SEVENTH. WHATTA COMEBACK!

I WAS EN ROUTE TO A WEDDING IN TUCSON AND MISSED THEIR FINAL VICTORY.

DID ANYONE TAPE THAT MATCH?

END

All *Workout* **Video** *Action* **Reviews**

by Chief Girl Sloth Divinity, Laura Miller

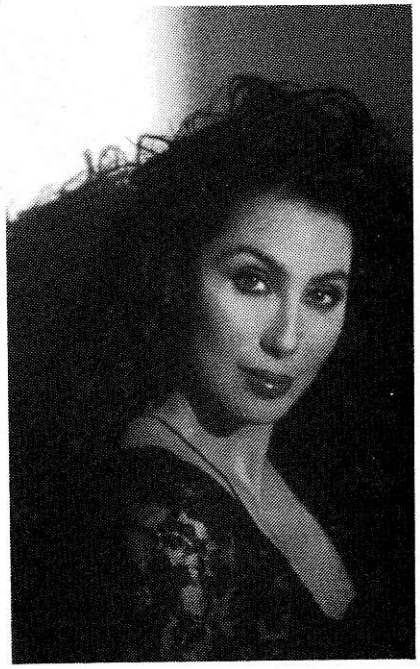
An eyebrow or two may rise upon the announcement that a girl sloth has been chosen as "videotape workout" reviewer for *GirlJock*; so many are still unclear on the concept of Deep Slothdom. Let me reiterate before I begin: the final and most imperative guideline for the committed girl sloth is "Maintain fetchingness." From the elegant state of fetchingness flows favors, the lifeblood of a sloth. A girl sloth must keep her figure or she'll soon find herself forced to pay someone to repair her stereo, drive her to cocktail parties or put up kitchen shelves. She may even be forced to take on full time employment to finance these extravagances.

Workout tapes provide every girl sloth with a fitness regimen compatible with the first guideline of slothdom: "Leave your apartment as seldom as possible." However, they often suffer from two serious flaws: annoying performers and deeply stupid music. Since music and performers are pretty much all there is to such videos, the badness of a bad workout tape can be of daunting totality. Clearly, some consumer guidance is necessary.

CherFitness:
A New Attitude

(CBS/FOX Video, 1991): This girl sloth's current favorite, *CherFitness* is an efficient, intensive 90 minute workout broken into three modules: step aerobics, abdominal and back strengthening and a lower body workout. It's challenging without being hard on the back or knees. So much for the workout, now on to the important stuff.

The music is good; this is the only



workout tape I've ever encountered with "Born to Be Wild" on the soundtrack. The few, obligatory Cher songs back up segments that, due to some fancy footwork, require considerable concentration, and it's possible to make it through the tape without having to really listen to them.

The main attraction of *CherFitness* is, of course, Cher herself. A longtime favorite with girl sloths for her air of sardonic indolence, Cher is a comforting compatriot who forthrightly admits to hating exercise, wisecracking throughout. The director of the videotape cleverly casts Cher as one of the gals, rather than the workout leader. The directions (mostly "Squeeze yer butt!") are called out by one Kelli Roberts, an Australian who looks like a giant tendon with eyes and a little tuft of blonde hair on top.

The rest of the performers (all white and female, in flagrant defiance of most fitness tapes' earnest and somehow pathetic commitment to racial and gender parity), look like starlets-who-could-tell-you-a-story-or-two, rather than the bouncy secretary type. All the "bodywear" is black, and Cher gets to wear three different outfits, all pretty cute, but the ruffles on the butt of first one have got to go. A lurid Malibu Beach sunset is back-projected onto the wall behind the performers, lending a certain drama to the proceedings. The final cooldown and stretch session is done lying down, highly appreciated by this girl sloth, who always savors that delicious moment of thinking "Well, thank God *that's* over."

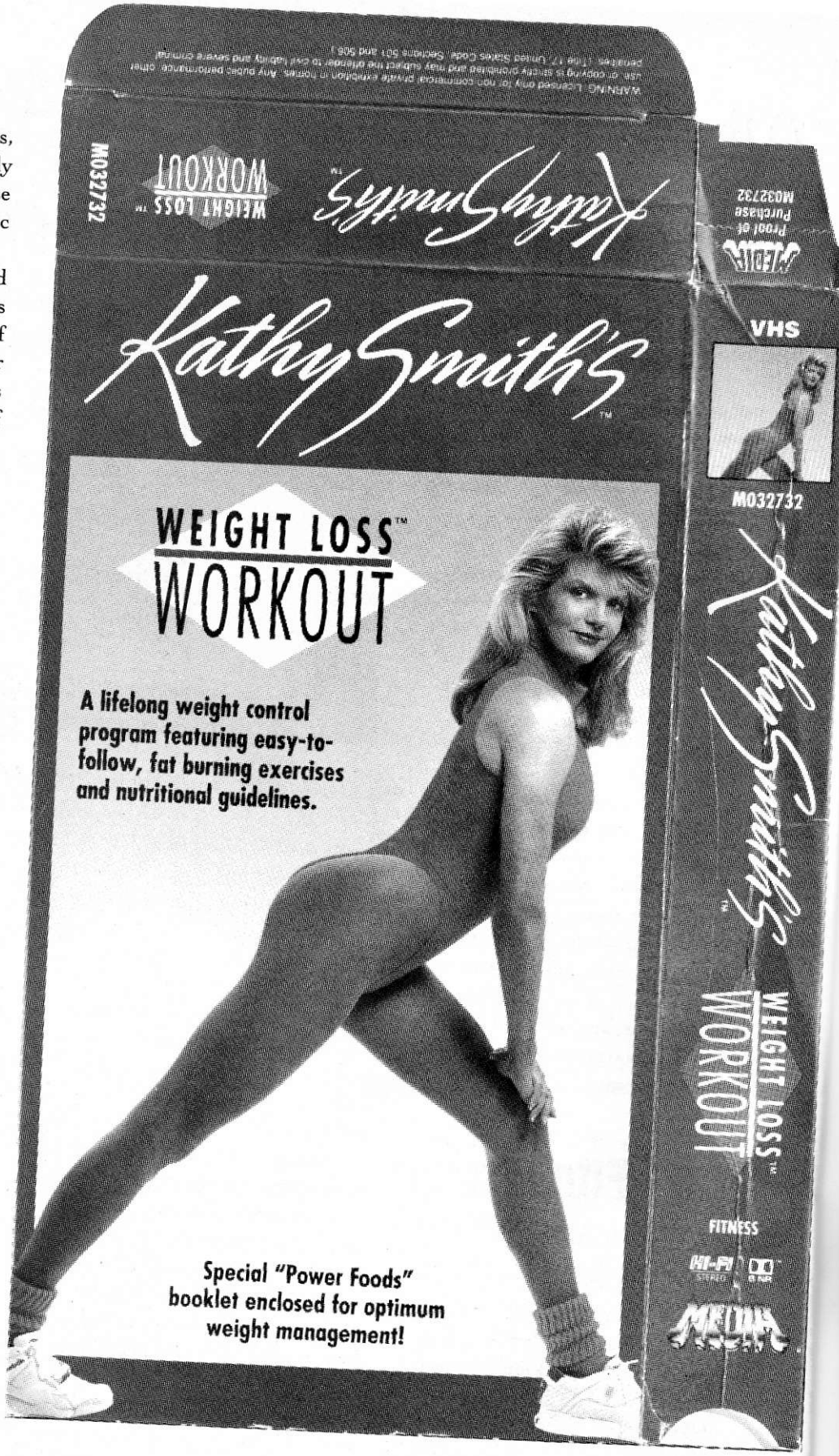
Kathy Smith's
Weight Loss Workout

(Media, 1990): Smith, who used to be a gymnast, holds a special appeal for most girl jocks. She comes across as a legitimate athlete and never says things like "Come on ladies, let's work on those love handles!" Her former cuddly-butch look, so apparent in the 1984 tape, *Ultimate Video Workout*, is gone. In *Weight Loss*, she's more boney and conventionally attractive, like a model in *Mademoiselle* magazine, but she's still pleasantly cheerful without ever degenerating into perkiness. Think of her as the straight sister that you genuinely like despite her suburban ways.

Kathy's into set as well as costume changes, and she's got a thing for weirdly sanitized-looking "urban" backdrops (imagine what the Osmonds would use if they performed a rap song). Director Robert Tinnell employs some flashy editing which only serves to make the routines harder to follow. My guess is

that everyone making workout tapes, like people in the porn business, really wishes they were doing something else — in Tinnell's case, making music videos.

The workout itself is thorough and as fun as can be expected. The music is OK (although they print the title of each song in the lower left hand corner of the screen, another sign of Tinnell's MTV aspirations). As with most of Smith's routines, the emphasis on precipitate lunging makes *Weight Loss* rather hard on the knees. The tape is prefaced with a pep talk by Kathy and concludes with some basic diet recommendations. Kathy is one of the few video fitness gurus who can pull off the obligatory inspirational prologue without sounding like an idiot. Cher, for instance, seems to be suffering from a dissociative personality disorder in the hyper-edited intro to her tape.



Beware any Jane Fonda tape:

Don't even think about it. Jane is a truly scary person, with the creepy intensity so characteristic of compulsives. She seems to have gone hog-wild in the weight room, focusing particularly on the muscles in her shoulders and neck. In *Lean Routine*, she appears to be frozen in a perpetual shrug and moves around as though she were suspended from a stick affixed to the middle of her back, like one of those painted wooden toys made in Denmark and sold at Cost Plus Imports.

Jane hires a lot of whoopers and yellers to back her up during her routines, no doubt to counteract her own aura of grim determination. Their synthetic enthusiasm and bogus patter will make you cringe. The blonde Texan (a Fonda regular) has inspired several of my most vivid homicidal fantasies. Furthermore, instead of leaving me relaxed and invigorated, *Lean Routine* made me feel like I'd been waiting tables for six hours, aching feet and all.

To Throw Like A Boy

by Nancy Boutilier

He whose testicles are crushed or whose male member is cut off shall not enter the assembly of the Lord. — Deuteronomy 23:1

Despite appropriate estrogen levels;
I learned at an early age
to throw like a boy.

When Billy Lester cried
for being chosen last
the other boys called him a girl.

As we grew older
our language grew richer.
"You woman," hissed Brad Seeley
when David Matsumura walked away from a fight.

I was better versed in cussing
than body parts by the time I was
singing the neighborhood slang.

"You pussy," I screamed at my brother
when he refused to play me one-on-one.
although he had 6 inches and 40 pounds on me,
he cringed at the insult, accepted my challenge,
and I stood my ground when he drove to the hoop.
I don't remember slamming asphalt,
but I came to hearing the compliment
"Man, your sister sure has balls."

Such flattery ran dry
when I hit the age of Kotex.
Without words for rhythms
my body understood
I had to choose
between exile into womanhood
or their loudest praise of me,
inclusion as one of the guys.

Unsexing myself was easy at fourteen,
but fourteen lasts only one year
and the swelling of breasts
tingling between thighs
put me at war with my body.
Too much ambition, too little food—
going to every extreme to avoid being
without balls, a pussy, a woman.

BIO NOTE: Nancy Boutilier is a San Franciscan girljock tomboy poet and sportswriter. Her first book of poems and stories, "According to Her Contours" is coming out this fall.

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SLAM-DANCING: THE OTHER SPORT

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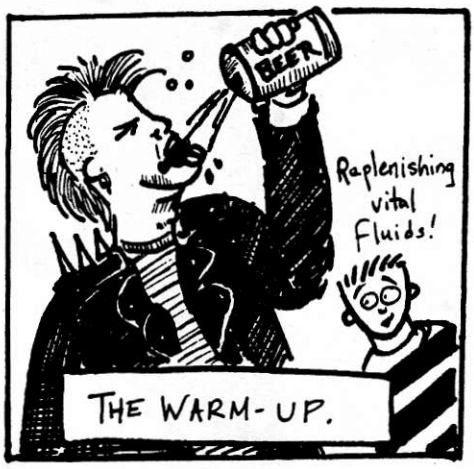
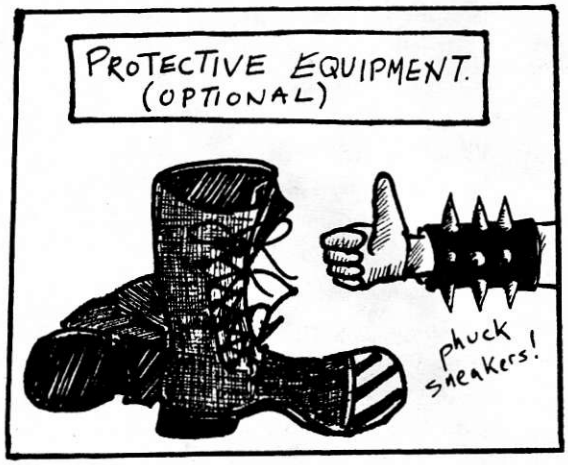
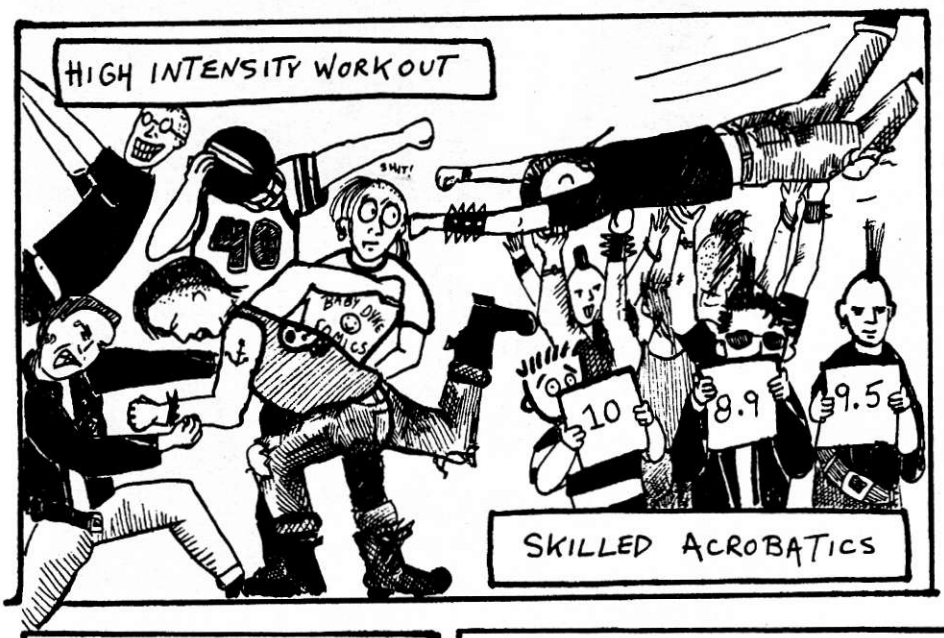
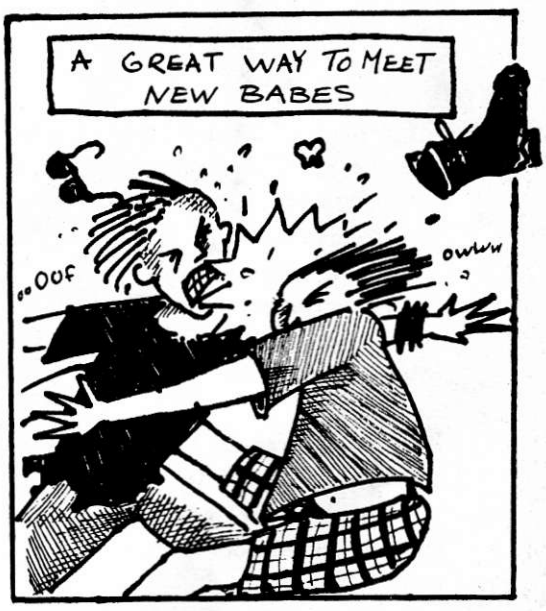
IT ISN'T JUST FOR BREAKFAST ANYMORE!

APPARENTLY, MANY WELL-TRAINED ATHLETES ARE UNAWARE THAT US COUCH-POTATO PUNK-DYKES HAVE A GAME OF OUR OWN. SLAM-DANCING POSSESSES NUMEROUS ELEMENTS SIMILAR TO OTHER FULL-CONTACT SPORTS.









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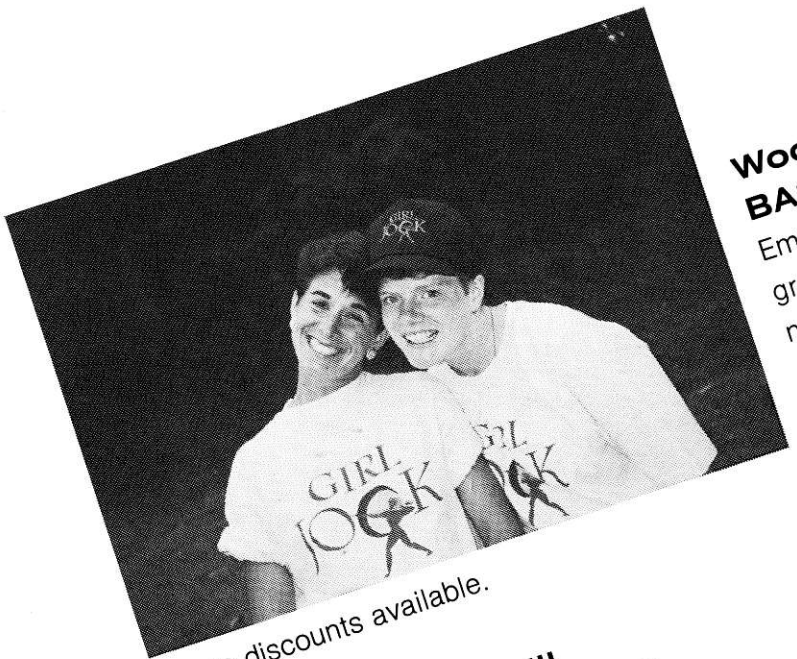

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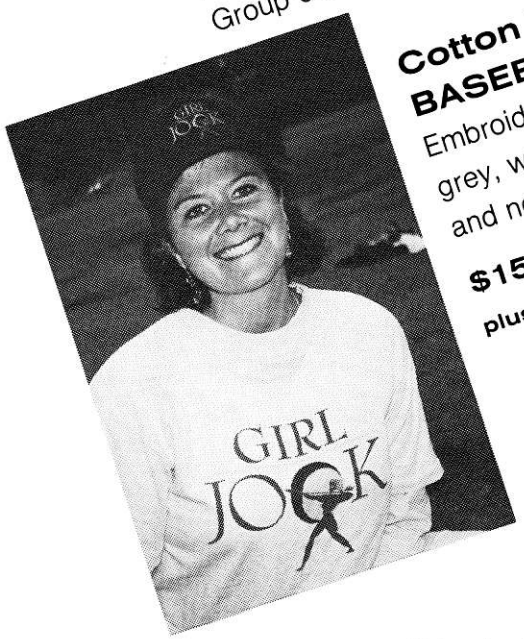

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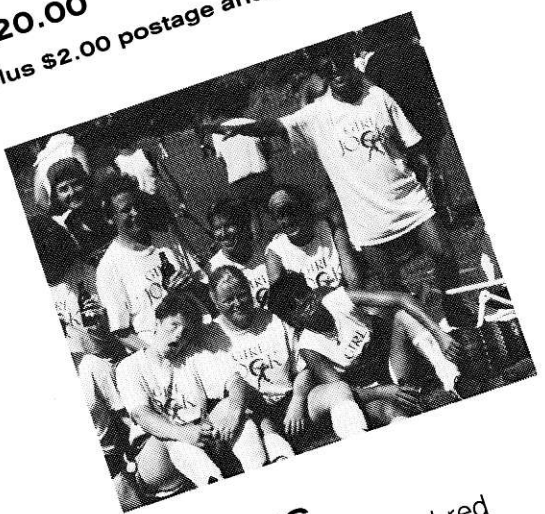

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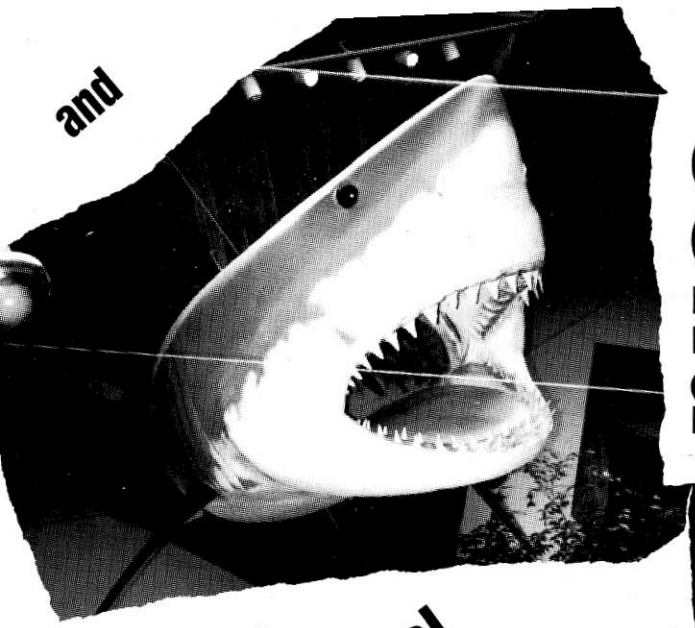
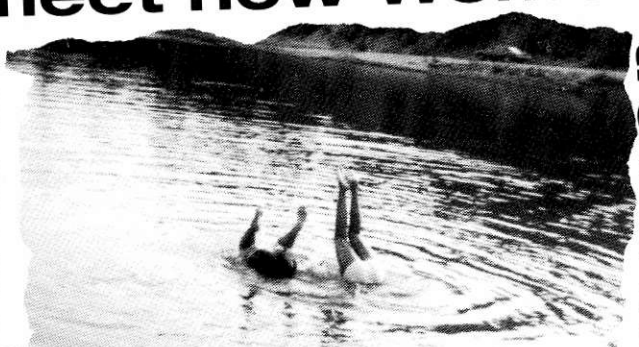


and

meet new Women,

travel to strange places,



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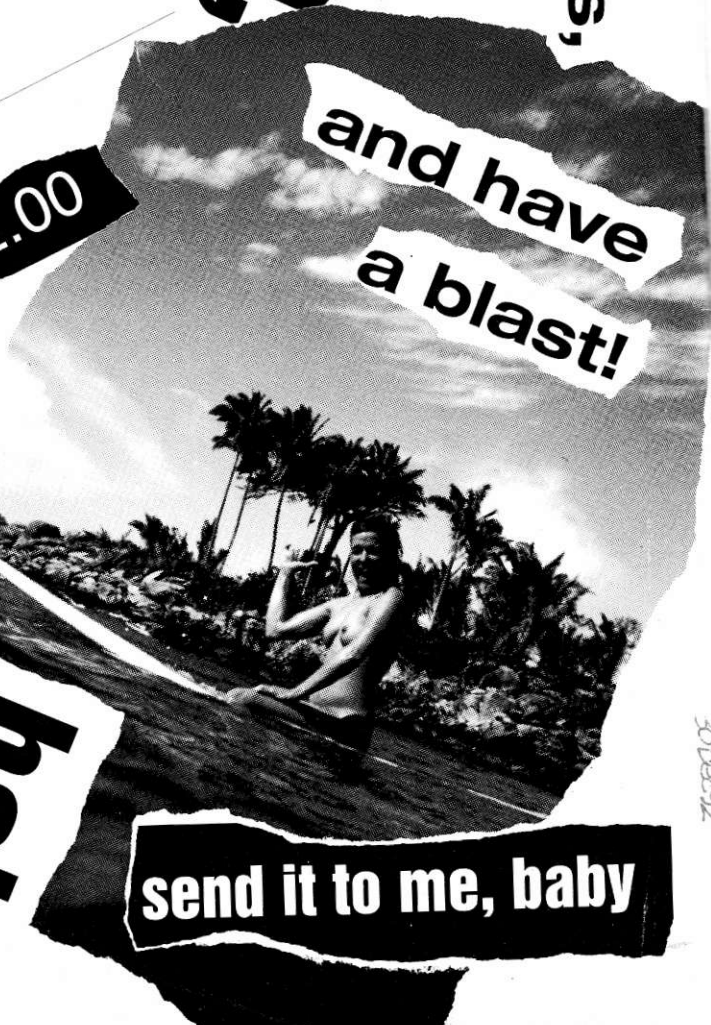

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